"Yes, ma'am. Falconer will take me

trusting love and veneration that the lady suddenly stooped down and kissed

her—one—twice—again—she could not help it! She pressed the child to her bosom, and then, with slow self-recol-lection, released her, saying: "Good-by, love. You are a sweet, sweet child. I

know you are a good child. Good-by, love," and dismissed her.

discharged it most worthily. The revelation did not surprise Ellen the least-

Mr. Hunter had imparted all that he Rnew of that most deplorable matter, Ellen replied:
"We always knew Willie's innocence,

now how that can be, for it was his con

Daniel Hunter was standing with his

fine head uncovered before her. He took

"Mrs. O'Leary, you must not look upon me as the executioner of your husband—a young man whom I found ordered for death the day upon which I came into office. With the law and the tasking hefers with a suld not inter-

testimony before me. I could not inter-fere to save him. How much I regretted

my inability then-how much more I

regret it now—is known only to God. We will not talk of the past! 'It comes not back again.' We will talk of the fu-

to a college, and establish him in busi-

ness or a profession?" He paused for

her answer.
But Ellen withdrew her hand, and cov-

"Sir, I am disposed to be grateful to

you, and to accept your kind offers for my son,but compunction struggles against gratitude, sir. I do not know whether it is right to feel grateful—whether it

is right to take any favor from you— whether it would not be treason to him

cannot help it."
"Mrs. O'Leary, I am neither surprised

morning."

His noble face was full of sorrow as

he pressed her hand, and turned to leave

In the flower-yard stood Maud, gathering a bunch of flowers. The child recognized the great man, and looked up

into his great, majestic, grief-stricken countenance, with feelings of blended

wonder, compassion and awe in a mo

ment after, she stepped up to him, and silently offered her flowers, with a man-

ner so simple, so childlike, yet so pro-

slowly passed from his face; he, a lover of all children, saw in this child's beau-

tiful countenance something that touched the profoundest depths of his heart.

otwithstanding the difference in com

been when Daniel Hunter first met her

He looked down at her, and the cloud

foundly deferential.

Most people know that if they have

been sick they need Scott's Emul-

sion to bring back health and strength.

But the strongest point about Scott's

It keeps up the athlete's strength, puts fat

Food in concentrated form for sick and

And it contains no drugs and no alcohol.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

Emulsion is that you don't have to be

on thin people, makes a fretful baby happy,

brings color to a pale girl's cheeks, and pre-

vents coughs, colds and consumption.

well, young and old, rich and poor.

sick to get results from it.

plied:

zaanaanaanaanaanaanaanaana

"What, what, what; what do you say? What lady?" he asked, quickly

and nervously.
"Mrs. Hunter, sir, if you please."
"Eh? What? My conscience! Little girls are not to choose what class they

are to go into."

are to go into."

"But, sir, if you please, I came here to go into Mrs. Hunter's class," persisted Maud, gently, letting her eyes linger on the form of the lady.

It happened that these words caught Mrs. Hunter's ears, and she looked up, saw the child, and beckoped Mr. Ipsy. Mr. Ipsy sprang to her bidding, "like Xyphias to his aim."

"What is it, Mr. Ipsy!" she asked.

"Why, madam, that little trouble-gone child has taken a fancy to go into

some child has taken a fancy to go into your class, and no other. Really it is very natural that she should feel this preference, which, I fancy, is shared by all the pupils in the school—they would all, doubtless, prefer the honor of Mrs. Hunter's valuable instructions, but, realcannot have it."

But since the little one alone asks it, is it not fair to presume that she alone desires to be in my class? And why may she not come?" 'Madam-a-your complement is fill-

ed up."

"I can take another. I will take her with pleasure, Mr. Ipsy."

"But, madam, really—this little girl—I—" He paused in embarrassment. Mrs. Hunter relieved him by saying:

"You are the superintendent of the school, Mr. Ipsy, and if you see a proper cause to refuse my request, I withdraw it, of course—deferring to your—position."

Madam, Mrs. Hunter—most certainly "Modam, Mrs. Hunter—most certainly it is I who am honored in submitting to your better judgment. I will go and bring the little girl to you," said Mr. Ipsy, dancing back to Maud, to whom he glibly said. "Mrs. Hunter is so good to say she will take you, miss."

"Oh I braw she would! I know she "Oh, I knew she would! I knew she said the child to herself, with look of earnest, deep thanksgiving.

And Mr. Ipsy took her hand and led
r up to the pew door. Mrs. Hunter
bending over a book with one of her

re is your new pupil, madam," And Mrs. Hunter lifted her beautiful nce and looked upon the little

And the long-severed mother and

child were face to face.

Their eyes met. Maud dropped hers as in the presence of of some holy angel, and the lady, as she gazed upon the supernal beauty of the child, felt a thrill the supernal beauty of the child, felt a thrill supernal beauty heart. She took the

pass through her heart. She took the little one by the hand—there was a pass through her neart. She took the little one by the hand—there was a comfort in clasping that soft little hand in her own—she drew the child in, and placed has bearing hand. placed her beside her. The delicate white muslin on the other side shrunk away from the contact of the brown stuff, but the lady looked sweetly away from the lady looked sweetly down upon the little girl, and, still clasping her small hand, asked gently: ing her small hand, asked g "What is your name, love?

"Sylvia Grove," answered the child.
"I semember that name. You are Mrs. "Yes, ma'am, but not her daughter- I will leave

"Yes, ma'am, but not her daughter— I will leave you for the present. When my dear mother was lost at sea—but she you have had time to reflect, and, above my dear metric was lost as and I love is good to me as she can be, and I love all, to pray, you will probably view this matter with clearer mental vision. And

The eyes of the lady lingered upon the weet, grave face of the child. She felt sweet, grave face of the child. She felt strange interest in her words—she would fain have asked her, "Do you remember your lost mother, love?"—her thoughts formed the question—but that was not the time nor place for conversation irrelevant to the purpose that beyond them together. brought them together.

They said no more then, for at that moment the young minister appeared in front of the rails, before the organ, to close the exercises of the school. In an instant all were silent. A short exhor tation, a prayer, a hymn, and the bene-diction followed, and then the children were dismissed. The pupils who had ians with pews below stairs, remained in the gallery, under the charge of the superintendent

Iras. Hunter arose to go. "Have you a seat down stairs, love?" Notwithstand she inquired of Maud, who had lingered plexion, Maud on the boat, only Maud was far more beautiful, more heavenly—a sort of little Augusta idealized, transfigured, made as angel of—or what the spirtual body of little Augusta might have been. He took has offered flowers with the hand, and laid the other benignly on has head while he gazed into those half-vailed, starry eyes. And then, with a sudden impulse, he ast down on a rustic seat, and drew her up to his breast.

In the strength of her father's hand, in the gaze of his eyes, she felt, without knowing it, the mighty, the irresistible attraction of nature; self-forgetful, she suddenly buried her head in his bosom, and clasped both arms around his neck, in the strong, vital, tirnlling clasp of new-born, deathless love!

And to him it was a revelation; not on the boat, only Maud was far m

And to him it was a revelation; not And to him it was a revelation; not that he understood it fully, but it was se diferent from Honoria's formal, life-less embrace. This was the real, living, involuntary proof of affection, that his heart had hungered for in vain. But he wondered why she gave it, and why it did not surprise him. "It is because I love children so much, and children have intritive knowledge of those who love children so muon, and children have an intuitive knowledge of those who sincerely love them," he said to himself.

And most tenderly, when the little girl's arms relaxed their clinging clasp, most tenderly he caressed her, murmuring, at intervals: "What a loving, loving child! What a heart she has! What a simple,

what a loving, loving child:
What a heart she has! What a simple,
loving, trustful heart! Everyone must
love her! Does not everyone love you,
darling?"
He might have sat there an hour talking to and caressing the child, had not
Ellen come out into the yard.

love," and dismissed her.

In the course of the week Daniel Hunter paid Ellen a visit, to make known to her the important discovery communicated to himself by the bishop.

Never in the course of his life, perhaps, ha more painful duty a sived upon the great politician. But Daniel Hunter discharged its part work the sixty of the sixty of the land of the it agitated her dreadfully, as all allusion to that darkest tragedy ever did. When

Ellen come out into the yard.

"You have a very sweet little girl here, Mrs. O'Leary," he said, as he gave Maud a parting kiss, and set her off his knees, and got up to go.

"It is Sylvia Grove, an orphan, a distant relative of my poor Willie's, sir."

"I hope you will think of the plan I proposed to you, Mrs. O'Leary, and I should be glad if you would permit me to be of service to this little girl, also." to be of service to this little girl, also, said Mr. Hunter, as he got into his sad

sir, and we always hoped it would be found out. He was a martyr, sir—his death was a ghastly legal murder. Sir, I have heard it taught that a consciousness of innocence would bear one up through persecution and death. I know now how that can be for it was his condle.
"I will think of it, sir." "Good-morning, madam. Good-by, dear little Sylvia," said Daniel Hunter, as he

de away.
"Oh, he took the flowers with him!sciousness of innocence that made death so very bitter to him—it was our faith in his innocence that made his death so very bitter to us—for with him and us, the galling sense of injustice was added to all the ether suffering. I know not how much guilt may add to sorrow, for I am not in the confidence of guilty

he took the flowers with him!" murhe took the flowers with him!" murmured Maud, in a low voice to herself.
"What flowers, Sylvia!"
"The flowers I gave him, Ellen."
"Yes, you little imp, you!" exclaimed
old Ashibag, coming up, "and de werry
next time I catches of you bein' so forrard to offer flowers to a big bug like Marse Donnel Hunter, I—I'll tell Mr.

Bill Ipsy! Dar!" CHAPTER XVIII

One fresh, spring morning Maud started out for a ramble and somehow came upon the narrow bridle path leading to Howlet Hall. Here she stopped her skipping, and became, for a moment grave and thoughtful. She recognized the path—knew where it led. She was saired with a disposition to well it the path—knew where it led. She was seized with a disposition to walk it
— not quite to Howlet Hall—
not six miles from home—she did not intend that—but a strange attraction drew her on to follow—she did not know how far—and she followed it. It led her, by a winding not how the whole the ture. Ellen, I desire to make reparation as far as I can for what you have suffered. You have a fine boy. Will you allow me to educate him—to send him have the send have the send have the send him have the send by a winding path, up through the stunted cedars to the bleak mountain top; and then by a winding path down through the dwarf pines to the wooded valley below—to the broad, beautiful valley, where the great forest waved like ered up her face and wept.

He waited patiently until she wiped her eyes, and lifted up her face and rethe heavy sea, on the far-distant, opposite side of which rose, like a rocky coast, the mountains that enclosed How-

A narrow, slippery footway, made of fragments of rock, led across a deep, swampy road. Maud began to cross carefully, keeping her eyes fixed upon the path—fixed so pertinaceously upon the stones where she was placing her feet that she did not even perceive the approach of enather foot passenger from whether it would not be treason to him who is gone—and whether, indeed, your patronage would not be like the high priest's thirty pieces of silver—the price of blood—unblessing and unblessed! Sir, I seldom speak so plainly, but to-day I approach of another foot passenger from the thicket of cedars on the other side or know that anyone was meeting her, until the shadow fell across her feet. Then she looked up. There before her, on the narrow footpath, stood a very "Mrs. O'Leary, I am neither surprised nor displeased that you should speak so. I will leave you for the present. When to its stateliest inches, and stood still, as expecting our child to give way. It was totally impossible to pass each other—it was almost equally so to turn back on that narrow, unsteady, slippery footing, without falling plump into the mud. One or the other of them would have to makes the best of it, and step soberly off the stones into the deep mire, which would be better certainly than to fall down by attempting to push on or turn back. Little Maud, with an instinctive sense of justice, looked down at her own and her opponent's feet, to see who was best provided for such a muddy venture. The young lady wore nice patent moro well covered, and defended by oo ga gum elastic overshoes. Maud's little boots were old and leaky ;she raised her dovelike eyes appealingly from them to the face of the young lady, to meet there an insolent, questioning look, as who

should say: "How dare you keep me waiting?" And then raising her head arrogantly, she said, with an evident impression that such an announcement ought to turn our child at once into the mud:

"I am Miss Hunter."
"Mrs. Hunter's little girl?" exclaimed
Maud, raising her eyes, full of deep re-

verence for the name.

Mis Honoria deigned no reply, save a haughty bend of the head. And Maud stepped down into the mud and let her

But another pair of eyes had seen this play of insolence and love, and they were fixed tenderly, lingeringly upon our little girl as she climbed back upon the footway. And as Maud regained her footing, she lifted up her eyes and saw upon the other side of the road the beautiful form of Mrs. Daniel Hunter, holding her hands out toward her. Maud hastened, springing from stone to stone toward the lady, with the strange, deep impres-sion that she had found what she had set out that morning to meet.

"Carefuly, my child, carefully," said Mrs. Hunter, as the little girl cleared with two bounds the last intervening distance between them and stood before

"Why did you go into the mire, my love?" "It was to let your little girl pass, lady."
"I wish you were my little girl, sweet child, but how came you so far from home, love?" "I set off for a walk by myself, and didn't know how far it was till I got here, indy."

"Does Mrs. O'Leary consent that you should take such long, lonely walks?"

"No, lady, and I must hurry back."

"What—having walked five miles, to walk back again—mating ten—it would tire you nearly to death, my child. Came, we are taking a pleasant ride this me morning. Won't you go with us! We are going first to the Summit, and then round to Silver Creek to see Mrs. O'Leary, and we can take you home soner then you could walk thither. Will you go?"

coner then you could walk thither. Will you got?

"Do you mean I am to ride with you, hady, and you will take me home?" asked Maud, with sparkling eyes.

"Yes, love, I should like to do so."

At this moment the carriage came plunging along down the heavy road. Maud was helped in tenderly, and Mrs. Hunter called to Honoria, and together they drove to Silver Creek, where they arrived late in the afternoon. Ellen was surprised and pleased to see them, especially with her little truant in their company. The object of Mrs. Hunter in making this visit was to influence Ellen in favor of allowing her son to be educated by Mr. Hunter. They had a long private interview, in the course of which private interview, in the course of which Mrs. Hunter said:

"You know, my dear Ellen, that if any one had wantonly injured you, there is nothing left you to do but to forgive and Ellen, Mr. Hunter never wan wronged one of God's creatures, from the smallest to the greatest. And now he earnestly desires to repair, as far as he can, the injustice you have suffered at the hands of the law. He knows, and the nands of the law. He knows, and we all know, that the utmost he could do would be but as nothing to the wrong you have suffered; if he could give you his own life, it would not bring back the departed, or compensate you for his loss, but he earnestly desires to do what he an."
"I thank you, Mrs. Hunter. I certain-

ly do thank you, Mrs. Hunter. I certainly do thank you. But I cannot yet decide. I must write to Father Goodrich first."

They then left the bedroom where this They then left the bedform what assed into the parlor, where Miss Honoria sat waiting in sullen dignity, and Maud stood arranging a little bouquet.

"And now I have a favor to ask of rou, Mrs, O'Leary," said the lady, lifting her beautiful eyes with a look almost of entreaty to the face of Ellen, and taking the hand of the child. "Will you let this dear litle girl come to see me if I send "Certainly; I thank you very much for the interest you take in her, Mrs.

"Then you will let he rcome?"

"Then you will let ae roome?
"Certainly, madam."
It was time to take leave—it was high time to be off—yet still the lady lingered, holding the hand of the child. "It is almost too much to oask you for your one wee lamb, yet if you could let her go home with me this evening and spend a week. I would bring her back at the end of that time."

"It should have no objection, Mrs. Hun-"I should have no objection, Mrs. Hun-

"I should have no objection, Mrs. Hun-ter, only—look at her! The child has not got her spring clothing yet."
Still the lady held the child's hand, and looked down lovingly upon her, thinking, "she is beautiful in anything— she is as beautiful in this brown, stiff fook as a more rose in its brown, more." frock as a moss rose in its brown moss."

and then she said:
"Mrs. O'Leary, since this child is an arphan, why not permit me to join you in providing for her? I am—for the sake of the angel I lost—I am the mother of the orphan."

A pause.
"At least, let me take her home for a week and fit her out in spring clothes. You cannot refuse me this pleasure, El-

Ellen could not, there was so much emotion, feeling, love, entreaty in the lady's look and tone, and so Maud re-sumed her hood and went away with Mrs. Hunter to spend a week.

(To be continued.)

A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

There are unscrupious dealers who for the sake of trifling gain are willing to sacrifice the health—perhaps the lives—of little ones. This is proved by the fact that there are a number of imitations of Bahy's Own Tableta of Grad. The tions of Baby's Own Tablets offered. The mother can protect her child by seeing that the full name Baby's Own Tablets and the four-leaved clover with child's head on each leaf, is found on the outside wrapper around every box. Do not take wrapper around every box. Do not take anything else as you may endanger your child's life. If you cannot get the genuine tablets from your dealer, send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont., and get a box by mail post paid.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Rumor is the echo of suspicion. Forced honesty never has any roots. Lote of people mistake their sighs for

ympathy. The lofty work often falls to the lowly in spirit. The greatest sermons are those out-

side of sentences. The water of life is not found in the ce-cooler church.
The crooked saint will have a hard

time at the strait gate.

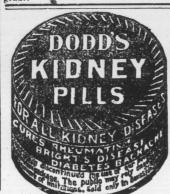
The saddest infidelity is being faith-

less to the best we know.

When a man is a god to himself, he is
the opposite to all others.

It is easy to attribute to foes the fail-The major blessings often come from what we call the minor virtues.

The best cure for a destroying love of world is the divine love of the world. It is easy to make a dollar go a long way when you get up speed on the down



MISS YAW AND THE SIMPLE LIFE

refraps there is not another anger of note in the world who has been less affected by cosmoolitan training and earthwise experience than Ellen Beach Yaw, the world's greatest soprano.

The house is simple and old-fashioned.

A comfortable piano of by-gone style

inhabits one corner of the parior, and in the other reposes a fern which is absolutely a record-breaker. Its drooping branches, falling in a green cataract to the floor, spread across a space fully six feet in allegations. feet in diameter.



ELLEN BEACH YAW.

Miss Yaw speaks French like a Parisian—but she has made Frenchines picuously absent from her home.

AT THE ANY OLD TIME CLUB (Chicago Tribune.)

"Were you ever chased by a wild boar ?"

"Swore dreamany," guage."
"In mad fury he charged the tree itself, eashing it with those terrible tusks in his impotent rage. Leaning back against the trunk of the tree, six feet above him, I sat and awtched him until I had recovered my

trunk of the tree, six feet above him, I sat and awtched him until I had recovered my breath."

"And then? Go on with the blood curdling details. Don't spare us."

"Then, drawing my revolver, I took deliberate aim and fired."

"Kill him?"

"Kill him?"

"Kill him?"

"Kill him?"

"Kill him. I shot off one off his tusks, slick and clean. With a second shot I clipped his tail off, close up. Then his proud spirit broke. He turned to flee. Jumping down from the tree, I made after him. I caught up with him. I kieked him him. I kieked him. I kiek after kiek, until I was tired, after which I let him go. Then I went and found my gun again and resumed my hunting for larger game as if nothing had happened."

Nothing was said for several minptes. Then the man with the white spot in his mustache casually observed that he could tolerate a plain, ordinary lar, but he hated a nature faker—whereupon he yawned wearlly and moved an adjournment.

Instruction for Drivers

secret ills of women will not exist. The most perfect blood tonic and nerve restore in the world is Dr. Williams Pinks pils. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.

Moving Pictures in Italy.

Milan, the ceature of Italy for the moving picture machine trade, has already about forty such theatres. Every available hall is being turned into a moving picture show, while nearly every second and third rate theatre and interest and the could tolerate a plain, ordinary lar, but he hated a nature faker—whereupon he yawned wearily and moved an adjournment.

Instruction for Drivers.

in this field is the establishment of a school for teamsters, under the auspices instance, bull fights in Spain and winter of the Wagon Drivers' Association. In future all young men desirous of piloting light or heavy wagons through the city streets must first pursue a practical and theoretical course of study in the are of driving in this school.

For the theoretical branch a special life have been thrown on the sheeting. would be a huge success in Milan. Occasionally typical seenes from American life have been thrown on the sheeting.

lesson book has been compiled. Students will have to pass an examination, after which they will receive diplomas entitling them to a driver's license. Teamsters who can produce a two months' ters who can produce a two months' sters who can produce a two months' testimonial from their present employers will be given licenses without examina-tion. The new school is the outcome of a similar institution for cab drivers, which was started some months ago with very satisfactory results.—Vienna Cor-respondence Pall Mail Gazette.

A man is not charitable because feels like giving ice in January and coal

She lived in Italy, studied with Casuso's teacher, and talks Italian as
though she were raised on spaghetti—yet
there are no Latin evidences in het
house. In a word, when she is at home,
she is simply a plain, old-fashioned American. She goes about the farm yard in
a sunbonnet and a gingham gown, feeding the chickens, entering into debates
on orange cultivation, discussing late
fertilizers, even talking over the fall
ploughing.

fertilizers, even talking over the fail ploughing.

Miss Yaw is entirely practical. If the table in the broad, country dining room needs clearing, she can clear it. If it is to be set, she can spread the cloth and place the dishes as dettly and quickly as the most accomplished maid.

Her own little bower is in the front word it is a cuming little sarbor, shaded

Her own little bower is in the front yard. It is a cunning little arbor, shaded with vines and shielded from the morning sun by prickly spines of a colossal cactus that rises fully thirty feet above the ground. Within the wee house, on the above of the great Pacific Ocean, all is corinese and daintiness. Scores of pictures hide the weatherbeaten framework, and a small writing desk, in a corner, bears materials which testify abundantly to this great little singer's love of correspondence.

corner, bears materials which testify abundantly to this great little singer's love of correspondence.

And in constant attendence is Adrea—a silent, tawny-skinned, ivory-toothed maid. Adrea has a Spanish name, her soher countenance and unspeaking lips testify to the pure Radian blood which flows in her veins.

Adrea is also somewhat of a celebrity among her own people. She is a graduate of the Sherman Institute. She can cook like a New England hausewife, and sew in a manner creditable to a semustress. She vows sternal fidelity to the prima donne, but Miss Yaw feels certain that she will never be shie to take her away from the land of her fathers.

In another corner of the house sits an old spinning wheel. She sits in front of it, and plays that she in Marguerite—a verity which she has played many times with high success before European audiences.

Miss Yaw lows her country home het.

audiences.
Miss Yaw loves her country ho Miss Yaw loves her country home better than any other spot in the world. She loves its quiet, beautiful days and long, restful nights. The broad, shielding orchards that surround it, the majectic blue mountains that rise in the background, the soft, peaceful wind that hlows in every day from the far distant sea—these are the furnishings of her paradise.—Los Angeles Examiner,

A FARMER'S TRIALS.

(Chicago Tribune.)

"Were you ever chased by a wild boar?" asked the men in the mackintosh during a luli in the conversation.

"No: nor you, sther," said the man with the buggy knheed trousenze of mind to empended the buggy knheed trousenze of body." ventured the man who had put a pair of large feet on the table.

"The trappark is active five or more times before. I remember when I was hunting in southwastern Arkansaw in the fall of 39—"Going to tell it, anyhow, are you: 'interputed the man with the bulbous nore. Them. You can drop into a state of the southwastern Arkansaw in the fall of 39—"Going to tell it, anyhow, are you: 'interputed the man with the budget on a state of any and saway. Before I could place myself in a suitable occurre for defense—"I may be suitable and a continue wild boar came 'utilities at ma. I sam not ashamed to say, system. In this I was mistaken, for about a year and a half ago I began to the heap rigar. "Flung is the right word. Go sheed."

"I turned and ran for my life. But the beast galoned on me. I saw it was of no the same and shout to lance me with one of his murdeous tumb. better than turbed, and the energy of desperation. I have had to tell you that if ever you ride bareback on a wild boar youl! remember the experience long as you live. Even then, however, I did not lose my orseace of mind. The sarvas brute tried to throw me, of course, but I may pray on his ears, and stuck. Snorting and the energy of desperation. I have had not bell you that if ever you ride bareback on a wild boar conceed mind. The sarvas brute tried to throw me, of course, but I may proved rapidly. New blood seemed to entire tried to throw me, of course, but I may pray on his ears, and stuck. Snorting and the conceeded in climbig into the tree when the boar turned and cannot b Williams' Pink Pills and advised me to try them. My sister-in-law had also received great benefit from their use, so I decided to give them a trial. After using the pills about a month I began to gain strength, and from that on I improved rapidly. New blood seemed to course through my veins; my appettic improved; the pain left my side and heart, and I gained in weight. After improved; the pain left my side and heart, and I gained in weight. After using about a dozen boxes of the pills I was again enjoying the best of health. I have nothing but praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they cured me after medical treatment had failed—I really believe that saved my life."

as anaemit, rheumatism, sciatica, indigestion, heart palpitation, eczema and the secret ills of women will not exist. The

entertainment with a rew cinematograph
pictures. During the dull summer season even the larger theatres are used.
Dramatic and tragic scenes, natural
scenery of an interesting nature, and
comical farces are sure to fill the hell
at any time in Italy. The Italian loves
to see living scenery: for instance. Technical education in the Austrian capital sometimes breaks out in unexpected places. The latest development in this field is the establishment of a cal scenes of national life, such as, for

To the Best of His Knowledge,

"Johnny, what is your father's nativity?" asked the teacher.
"His what, ma'am?"
"His nativity—his nationality, you

"O, he hasn't got any yet, ma'am. We just moved here from Nebrasky